VOLUME LIV CHICAGO, JANUARY 26, 1905. NUMBER 22

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

The Christ of the Andes.*

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto the people, thy God reigneth! *Isaiah LII. 7.*

What gleams so bright on the mountain-top
In the rising and setting sun?
What happy song do the rivers shout,
As down the mountains they run?

They sing that the Beautiful Feet have come
Of him who publisheth peace;
Who saith to the lands, The Good God reigns,
And the Hells of War shall cease!

The angel-song in the skies of old
At last is echoed of men;
The Beautiful Feet have come, have come,—
Christ, go not back again!

Nor linger there on the mountain-tops;
Come down to the plain, the shore,
To the noisy mart, to the plotting kings,—
Wander the wide earth o'er!

Press into the heart of the warring folk,
The nations from hate release!
Press into our hearts, O Feet of Christ,
And bring the world thy peace!

—*W. C. G.*

*In 1900, Argentina and Chile, sister Republics, were on the brink of war. It was an old dispute about boundary lines. On Easter Sunday good Bishop Benevente, of Argentina, appealed to his countrymen to settle the dispute by arbitration instead of by war. The two angry nations calmed themselves, King Edward of England was asked to be Arbitrator, and both countries quietly acquiesced in his decision.

Then both began to disarm. Chile has turned an arsenal into a school of trades. She is teaching sciences to her cadets in hours once given to military tactics. She has sold some of her war-ships, and spent ten millions of dollars received for them in making good roads through the land.

To signalize and perpetuate this Victory of Peace, a colossal statue of Christ was dedicated, March 13, 1904, on the boundary-line, fourteen thousand feet above the sea. One hand holding his cross of sacrifice, the other uplifted to Heaven, the CHRIST OF THE ANDES stands on the height between the two countries, blessing both as they rest below him in peace. The inscription reads: "These mountains shall crumble to dust ere Argentines and Chileans break the peace which, at the feet of Christ the Redeemer, they have sworn to maintain."

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Notes 339
The Contemplative Life 340
The Christian Herald's Symposium 341
Nature's Man.—*Robert Loveman* 342
An Omission 342
The Soul of Christmas—*Robert P. Doremus* 342
CORRESPONDENCE—
Richard W. Boynton 344
J. A. Stoddard 344
Emily Home Randall 345
W. J. H. 345
THE PULPIT—
Practical Christianity—Rev. Edward Scribner Ames 346
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 349
Cybele and Her Children—*Edith M. Thomas* 349
The Story of Little Mary—*Atlantic Tales* 350
The Little Legs That Ran Away—*David Starr Jordan* 350
The Value of a Sunday School 350
THE FIELD—
Foreign Notes—M. E. H. 351
Pennsylvania Lines 351

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY 3939 LANGLEY AVENUE, CHICAGO.

New Tables of Stone

By HENRY M. SIMMONS, $1.50

"As in a great cathedral men come out from the little side chapels and shrines, to meet before the high altar and beneath the vaster vault;—So, in leaving our sectarian services to join with others in the common work for justice and humanity, we find that we have only come beneath a loftier religious roof, to unite in a larger worship.—*Unity Through Diversity.*"

For Sale by UNITY PUBLISHING CO., 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1905. NUMBER 22

The kingdom of heaven is not come even when God's will is our law; It is come when God's will is our will. While God's will is our law, we are but a kind of noble slaves; when his will is our will, we are free children.
—George McDonald.

Miss Mary S. Anthony, of Boston, according to the *"Woman's Journal,"* thus sums up her protest against the paying of taxes by the unrepresented: "The minor may live to become of age; the illiterate to be educated; the criminal to be pardoned; the lunatic to gain his reason; the idiot to become intelligent, when each and all can help to decide what shall be the laws and who shall enforce them, but the woman, never."

Mr. Alfred W. Martin, in the *"Universal Religion"* for January moves the significant previous question in the study of the Eternal Life, viz: "How to live as if we are Immortal." This is very much more to the point than the more popular question, "Are we Immortal?" It is a much higher and nobler task to deserve immortality than to prove immortality. Our theories concerning the question will not change the fact, but our conduct in the presence of the question will seriously affect the results.

Chicago is on the eve of a distressing political contest. A mayor is to be elected. The Chicago public is easily churned into froth and foam. There are a sufficient number of real issues to furnish material for an exciting campaign. All trivial and unimportant issues, particularly undignified personalities should then all the more be guarded against. We join with the "Public" in saying, "there is nothing in the characters of Dunne and Harlan to make such a campaign excusable. Both parties should refrain from personalities. Let there be no unnecessary mud-flinging

"The Public" for January 21st, has an interesting sketch of the life and labors of Ernest Howard Crosby, who is soon coming West on a lecture tour and will be heard in Chicago and vicinity. Mr. Crosby is one of the most interesting of the American reformers; the son of the famous and beloved New York Presbyterian minister of the same name; the recipient of the culture that academic life can give; ten years of experience as practitioner at the New York bar; five years' experience as judge of an international court of Egypt; the discipline of one who undertook to reform New York City politics; a visitor to, then a student and at last a disciple of Lyof Tolstoy, and a valiant defender of Henry George of single tax fame; a poet of no mean ability; this is the Ernest Howard Crosby who will visit Chicago in February and March. He is a man worth hearing.

That was a tender meeting held at the Hull House last Saturday afternoon in memory of Mrs. Henry D. Lloyd. The leading address was made by Mr. Edwin D. Mead, of Boston, where Mrs. Lloyd's hospitality and leadership was second only to that in Chicago. Mr. Mead well spoke of her home as a "social settlement." Miss Jane Addams and others took part. Mrs. Lloyd's death, coming so soon after the departure of her husband, shows how strong the tie was that bound them to one another, and whether in life or in death they prove the potency of personality; the pervasive quality of character; the conquering element in disinterested earnestness. Mrs. Lloyd might have been a social leader; she had money and culture to make her a part of the select circle,—one of the "smart set"—but she preferred to be an exponent of unpopular ideas, a worker for democracy, an advocate of simplicity and service. She, being dead, yet speaketh.

It may be necessary yet to establish some other day than the 25th of December, in which to celebrate the soul of Christmas, for the rush of the holiday week, the attendant fatigue, and the commercial distractions render that week of all weeks in the year the least suitable to serenity, and the gratitude, the appreciation and the love that most befit the Christmas season. For this reason, we make no apologies for a belated Christmas story and the triumphal Christmas song which we publish in this week's UNITY. Mr. Gannett's poem with the accompanying explanatory note, published on our front page, we take from one of the most attractive of the many beautiful Christmas cards that came to our table, for all of which UNITY makes this belated acknowledgment. We hope soon to be able to put on our front page a picture of the statue referred to. The "Christ of the Andes" becomes a Christ of the soul as well when standing upon an everlasting troth of brotherhood, a perpetual pledge of peace.

A teacher of the Peoria (Ill.) High School writes in the *"Dial,"* significantly of the fate of literature in the secondary schools, the pith of which is, that the present method creates a disgust for rather than an appreciation of literature, much of which is traced to the college demands, the necessary examinations and standing. It says: "The universities are tired of their own entrance method and are suffering the nemesis of forced, unnatural work so much that they are now seeking to be motive powers to form a backwater." It is not for us to enter into technical disputes with school masters, but we will insist that there is no substitute for literature in the study of literature. The thin analysis, the tedious and uninspired explanations and the unliterary homilies on the beauties of English literature, which characterize too much of the class-room work, are the surest way of creating a dislike for literature. When graduates are apathetic

to the delights of literature, without first-hand acquaintance with or love for any of the English masterpieces, particularly when they never get a peg further in their study of literature than the point demanded for graduation, there is something wrong,—not with the literature, nor with the child, but with the teachers and their methods.

UNITY has for many years protested against the elaborateness of the commencement exercises of public and secondary schools and the attendant strain on nerve and purse. On this account, it is glad to note that Racine, (Wis.) seems to be taking time by the forelock this year. It has decreed that there will be no more elaborate expenses for graduating exercises in this city. Instead, the class will be taken on trips to inspect museums and public libraries. The exchange in which we find this news item says:

> The commencement exercises of high schools throughout the country are becoming a source of unnecessary expense, which makes it nothing short of hardship for the majority of families to prepare for. They have proven a nerve-racking institution, as well as entailing a large amount of extra work upon the pupils for a month before the close of the school, at a time of the year and of the term when there should be nothing in the way of winding up successfully the school year.

We are glad Racine has taken the matter in hand so early, and hope that its example will be copied by others. There is nothing more unacademic and unworthy of the intellectual life than the show, the flippancy, the social "functions," the dances and the giddiness connected therewith, which passes under the false name of "graduating" exercises. They might better be termed "retrograding" exercises.

The news from Russia is of the most distressing character. Most anything might be expected from that quarter. The time seems ripe for an upheaval that will rival that of the French Revolution. Only the spontaneous explosion of mob enthusiasm and passion has now to contend with telephones, telegraphs and railway trains, so that the chances of a successful revolution and literal *over-throw* is greatly reduced. Russia must have liberty! If it could come by the the road of violence, one would say, Amen. But the possibility of its being accomplished in that way is so remote that all violence should be discouraged and the better way be urged—the way of reason and ballot. Let the law be trusted, a protest by reason be persisted in. It may be a slow, but it is a sure process. There was an awful investment of dramatic significance in the meeting last Sunday night held in Chicago to welcome Madame Breshkovsky, the Russian exile. She, who has served her time in Siberia, began her remarks by saying: "I feel that my place tonight is in Russia." A great throng gathered to hear her, not only of the Russian Jewish Exile type, but American sympathizers with liberty. Judge E. O. Brown presided. Miss Jane Addams was one of the speakers. The Russian lady naturally appealed primarily to her countrymen, but her situation is such as commands the support and leadership of non-Russians; for this is no longer a national problem—it is a question of humanity; a question of race adjustment, a world problem. A further meeting is to be held in the Auditorium next Sunday afternoon at which Miss Addams, Dr. Hirsch, Jenkin Lloyd Jones and the Russian lady are to speak.

The Contemplative Live.

India gave to religion a meditative bias; it made reflection a virtue, and thinking the habit of the saint. It gave us a religion lavish in poetry, rich in cosmic fancies.

Contemplation has its dangers, as the story of India proves. It may degenerate into indolence, into non-action, into a ritual of physical laziness, into a dreamy heaven where absorption is a beatitude, and release from the demands of the flesh is heaven. But all this is more than offset by the fact that the religion of contemplation in laying hold of the intangible, lays hold of the eternal. Other religions have built mighty tombs, have reared splendid temples, have conquered continents, have tunneled mountains, drained swamps and irrigated deserts, organized great missionary schemes. Many of them have done this and have passed away. Brahmanism instead has given us gnomic sayings, subtle philosophies, serene permanence. If we say that law came from Rome, art from Greece, religion from Judea, with the same license we must say that philosophy came from India. It more than any other country taught us the divine truth which religion has to give, viz., that there is an infinite quality in the finite mind of man and that this abides. The Vedic lore dates perhaps from 1500 to 1000 B. C. Sanskrit did not become a written language perhaps until the fourth or fifth century B. C. Here then is a literature, rich in carefully elaborated poetry, technical in construction, vast in proportions, the Rig-Veda alone containing over a thousand poems of over ten thousand lines in length, which were coin current among a people perhaps for a thousand years before the art of writing was known. They were printed only on the perishable tablets of the human brain; they were prepared on the intangible breath of men and women, passed from mouth to mouth, from father to son. That miracle still continues. Max Mueller said: "If every manuscript of the Rig-Veda was lost today we should be able to recover the whole of it from the memories of the Punditi in India." To-day these native students receive the Vedas from the mouths of their teachers, never from manuscript, still less from printed editions. Max Mueller further tells us that he had students in his own room at Oxford who corrected his printed editions from their memories; indeed, some of his manuscripts were collated from the minds of Vedic students.

A boy who is to be brought up a student of the Rig-Veda spends eight years in the house of his teacher, studying every day except holidays, which are called "non-reading days," at the end of which time he has memorized thirty thousand lines.

We know how impatient the spirit of the times is with all this. How silly does this seem to a Chicago merchant. What a pity that life should be so wasted!

But set their accomplishments over against the greatest triumph on the Board of Trade, in the factory or the stock yard district. Compared with this thought-monument, reared in the gray matter of the human brain, perpetuating to this day a line of inspiration three thousand years old, what is the Tower of Bel on the banks of the Euphrates? The Sphinx on the banks of the Nile watching each day the rising of the sun, aye, the great dome of St. Peters at Rome, sink into insignificance beside this Hindu achievement.

The product of mind endures; the product of the hand must decay; ideas alone are deathless; principles survive all the generations. Words, Words, Words, that tell of high faithfulness, that tell of woman's loyalty, that tell of those who died for truth—these are imperishable. "If you think I am alone," said the righteous king when hard pressed, "you are mistaken; the old man within whom you call 'Conscience,' is with me."

The Hindus left us no great monument in marble, no famous inscription cut on mountain walls, but they left us the verb "I am," than which, says a great scholar, no work of art has required greater efforts than this little word. There is no permanent place in the economies of life for any errand-doing, culture-chasing, art-serving, or charitable activity that is not rooted in the thought of the Eternal. The only undying realities are the realities of truth, righteousness and love, which in their holy synthesis we call "religion."

Turn where we will we look into jaded faces; all around us are evidences of strained nerves, of debilitated vitalities. The air is full of weary groans, confessions of fatigue more or less patiently endured. It is all the result of Christmas dissipation, of New Year's hurry, charity ball triumphs, the dressmaking, money making, call making, culture-chasing, art-harrying habits of the western world. We make time for everything, or at least time to attempt everything, except time to meditate on the excellent glory of the Divine Vivifier, and this alone will enlighten our understanding. When, oh when, will religion bring to us the serenity of meditation, the time to think, the power to be, the contemplative life which alone is the eternal life, which alone makes things valuable, and which makes most of the things we chase after, work for, sin for, die for, unnecessary. We need a revival of the Hindu spirit, a re-reading of the Scripture of Knowledge.

Ex Oriente lux—"Light from the East." May it break upon us again and give us the power of meditation; Bless us with the contemplative life.

The Christian Herald's Symposium.—A Notable Harmony.

The *"Christian Herald"* for January 11 is made notable by a symposium of many Americans who are asked to answer the question:

"WHAT IS THE MOST DESIRABLE THING TO BE HOPED FOR BY THE AMERICAN PEOPLE DURING THE FOUR YEARS OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ADMINISTRATION?"

The answers are illuminated by the faces and autographs of many of the respondents. We make room for some of the answers as editorially epitomized.

Says W. J. Bryan: "A Government of Equal Rights to all and Special Privileges to none." Senator Frye says: "International Arbitration and Respect for Law and Order at Home." Senator Cullom says: "We Should Take the Lead in all Measures for Arbitration and the Peace of the World." Says Robert J. Wynne, Postmaster General: "Aggressive Integrity in the Public Service."

"Enlarge the sphere of Arbitration." "Complete tthe Canal," says Congressman Hepburn. "Re-establish our Merchant Marine," says Governor Herrick, of Ohio. "Increased Respect for Moral and Statute Law," says Carrol D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor. "A less Technical and more Practical Civil Service," says John C. Black, Civil Service Commissioner. "Mutual respect for each other's rights," says M. E. Ingalls, the great Cincinnati railroad president. "Settle the Race Problem; Adjust affairs between Capital and Labor," says Senator J. B. Foraker, of Ohio. "The 'Simple Life,' Social and Political," says John D. Long, ex-Secretary of the Navy. "Improved Commercial Intercourse with Central and South American Countries," says H. E. Davis, ex-vice-presidential candidate. "Make International Arbitration Binding upon the Civilized Nations of the World," says John W. Foster, Washington. "Stop Banks and other Corporations from making contributions to campaign funds," says U. S. Senator W. E. Chandler. "A Square Deal for our Wards, the Red Men," says F. E. Leupp. "Exert Our Influence Toward the Abolition of War and the Upholding of International Arbitration," says Richard A. McCurdy, President Mutual Life Insurance Company. "International Peace and Higher Civil Service Standard and Better Municipal Rule," says Rev. R. S. McArthur, pastor Baptist Cavalry Church, New York. "Dissolve the Partnership between Govednment and the Liquor Traffic," says Silas C. Swallow, recent Prohibition Candidate for President. "Curb Capitalistic Lawlessness and Protect the People from the Vile Liquor Traffic," says Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kan. "Restore Universal Peace and Build a Pan-American Railroad from Hudson Bay to Patagonia," says Edward Everett Hale. "A Square Deal all Around, the Highest National Good," says Jacob A. Riss. "Distribution of Immigrants over the Country and Relieve Congestion in our Large Cities," says John Willis Baer, Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. "A Better Understanding Between Labor and Capital, and the Elimination of War," says Charles F. Thwing, President Western Reserve University. "Growth in Brotherhood Sentiment, Closer Union of Rich and Poor, and a Return to Earlier American Ideas," Margaret E. Sangster. Hatred of 'Graft' and Corruption," Francis E. Clark, president of the Y. P. S. C. E. "A Clear Understanding and Closer Application of the Golden Rule," Lillian M. U. Stevens, President W. C. T. U. "Improve Foreign Relations and Raise the Standard of Government at Home,"

Julia Ward Howe. "Curb Greedy Trusts and Corporations and put them under Federal Supervision," Kate Upson Clark. "Higher Civic Patriotism, Friendship with other Nations," Lucia Ames Mead. "Exalt National Righteousness and Perpetuate Peace and Prosperity," Mrs. John P. Newman, widow of the late Bishop Newman. "Banish 'Graft,' Simplify our Social Life and Avoid International and Other Complications," Kate Gannett Wells. "Pacify the Philippines, Push the Canal, Improve the Civil Service, Revise the Tariff," T. S. Hamlin. "Urge Arbitration, Check Naval Expansion, Control the Corporation and make Laws for Equitable Distribution of Wealth," says Charles E. Jefferson. "Check the Spirit of Aggression and Militarism and Advance the World's Peace," Edwin D. Mead. "Fraternal Feeling between North and South, and let every man feel that he is a Citizen," Fitzhugh Lee, Washington. "We should lead all lands in the movement of International Arbitration and World Pacification," Richard Bartholdt, Congressman from Missouri. "A Government for the People and not for the Politician," Charles J. Bonaparte, Baltimore. "Keep Social Problems Uppermost," Josiah Strong, of New York. "Increased National Righteousness," Henry B. F. McFarland, Commissioner District of Columbia.

To all of which UNITY says Amen! and Amen! We call attention to the striking unanimity in the demands. The cry for peace and arbitration which now represents the chorus of the noble, the harmony of the excellent. Let those in power, the maker of laws, trust the human heart, believe in the inspiration of the hour.

Nature's Man.

A thousand years doth Nature plan
Upon the making of a Man;
She sweeps the generations through,
To find the patient, strong and true;
She rends the surge of seven seas,
Rearing an humble Socrates;
She burns a hundred years of sun,
Sealing the soul of Solomon.

A thousand years doth Nature plan
Upon the making of a Man;
She sees the ages dawn apace,
Ere Moses rouse his shackled race,
Or Homer, or sweet Shakespeare sing,
Beside his deep eternal spring;
The centuries rise in reverence when
Buddha doth come unto his men.

A thousand years doth Nature plan
Upon the making of a Man;
She fills his heart with fire and faith,
She leaves him loyal unto death;
She lights his lustrous, loving eye
With flashes of immortality;
She adds one more undying name
Upon the heated scroll of Fame.

Robert Loveman.

An Omission.

UNITY regrets that the article on "The Democratic Attitude of Mind," which appeared in our issue of January 12, was printed without the author's name attached. The article was written by Miss Clara N. Kellogg, formerly of St. Paul and now a resident of the Rivington Street Social Settlement, New York City.

The Soul of Christmas.

Lonely and desolate enough the little miners' settlement appeared nestling among the rough, bleak mountains. From the train, side-tracked here at the summit of things, Philip looked off down over the vast, glistening slopes, and the curving path of the Lehigh Valley road up which they had wound, to the steeples and the smoke of Wilkesbarre. An hour or so ago he had lifted his eyes to the heights, and had been glad that the way lay up them. They seemed to him a type of his high ideals of truth, inspiring him, drawing him inevitably to their cold, clear atmosphere above the plains of the commonplace. But from the summits—Well, that had been the price of his ideals, too. One could breathe freely on the heights, but down in the valley behind lay the steeples and the warm hearthsides from which the smoke was rising on the cold air.

He leaned back in his seat and gazed dreamily off at the rugged, picturesque view, as the train again began to move. The snow was falling lazily in heavy, large flakes. The magazine dropped from his hand unnoticed. His mind left the mountains and the valleys and floated off into a reverie of their spiritual types. He was trying to formulate to himself consciously the underlying principle that makes the mountains and the valleys one. The perception lay dimly somewhere in his sub-consciousness; he felt it, but it refused to yield itself to a proposition. To-morrow was Christmas! He wondered why it was that the doubts and the struggles and the new truth had not been able wholly to rob the word of its hallowed mystery. A psychologist, he supposed, would have called it a matter of association; and yet there seemed to him to be something more, a truth dimly shown, a truth higher than fact, some indefinable, unifying essence that makes the past and the present one—his past and present, the world's past and present—something beyond and above all symbols of thinking. But he recognized that it was out of the merely intellectual grasp, this underlying unity.

A few seats ahead a little baby leaned over its mother's shoulder and cooed at him, a little black-eyed baby, with tight-curled, dark hair. Its mother half turned her head, a young Jewish woman. The faces made him think of the Feruzzi Madonna, that greatest of all Madonnas, because the most human, the deepest in its perception of mother love, and so the most divine. Somehow the little baby and the mother-care seemed to belong essentially to that hidden element of Christmas—but how absurd! To that Jewish mother Christmas could mean not even what it meant to him; for to her there were no holy childish associations with legends beautifully untrue. Opposite to this group that might have been Mary and the son of Joseph, sat an ecclesiastic, a gold cross against his priestly dress. His profile stood out sharply against the cold light from the western window, cut as in marble. In him the traditions of the past, once warm and living and divinely human, now dead and barren, seemed to have been crystallized into empty dogma and form. What would the morrow mean to him, A priestly ritual in some city church, where waxen lights burned, and unnatural pomp obscured the simple message of the Nazarene. But the little Jewish baby, too, had seen the glittering cross. It reached out across the aisle toward it, almost struggling from the mother's grasp, and gurgled happily, unmindful of the barriers between Jew and Gentile. And on the face of the priest, in spite of the lines of bigotry and cant and austerity, there glowed for a moment a smile divine. He was very near to heaven, if he had but known it.

Nearly opposite Philip sat a business man. He had thrown aside his newspaper and was occupied in watch-

ing the baby and the priest. Beside him were piled several bundles, Christmas presents for his little ones at home. Philip fancied, drifting back into memories of his own childhood and the things Father used to bring from the city. The man did not look as if he had anything in common with the priest. He seemed just a practical, ordinary business man, in whose world thoughts of religion played little part. And yet his Christmas would have a meaning. What was the Law, the principle, that unified these various gleams and made them real—his memories of boyish Christmases, the Jewish mother and the crowing baby, the unwonted smile upon the priest's face, the business man with his Christmas bundles; yes, and he himself with his ideals that he knew for truth, truth that seemed so disconsonant with those appealing Christmas memories. What was the element that ran through all, the principle unknown, the Thought Divine? He would ask Elizabeth, he said to himself—Elizabeth, whose sympathy had made the lonely fight for truth seem easier, whose intuitions had often helped him to perception that his reason failed to discover.

* * * * * * *

"Betty," cried David, expectantly, "are you ready to hang up your stocking with me?"

"The idea!" exclaimed Aunt Jane Peabody, "the idea of a girl as old as Elizabeth, who is going to be married come New Year's Day, hanging up her stocking! Why, when I was Elizabeth's age I had enough to do knitting and darning stockings instead of hanging them up for Christmas presents."

Father sat by the open fire, in his slippers, playing merry old times on the violin that had been Grandfather's. "They're sending Betty's present by express, Davy," he laughed. "Guess Phil's too big to go in your stocking, Betty, isn't he?"

Betty, flying about the room, hanging up Christmas greens and holly, and humming a happy little tune for the joy that Philip was coming, blushed rosy red in the fire-light, and running over to her Father, stopped his mouth with kisses.

"Won't you Betty," persisted David dolefully, "it's no fun hanging up my stocking alone, and you always did hang up yours with me?"

"Yes, yes, Davy boy," answered Betty, seeing the sober little face under the brown curls. "Of course we'll hang up our stockings together, little brother, why shouldn't we, dear? Ask mother for some, and we'll put them up, one on each side of the fire-place."

"Mother, mother," shouted David, running hot-haste to the kitchen, "Mother, we want a pair of your long white stockings, one for me and one for Betty. Betty says she will hang up her stocking with me, even if she is going to be married."

Mother took her hands from the dough of the spicy Christmas crullers she was making and went to find a pair of "big, white stockings." David gave her a great bear-hug as she brought them to him and kissed him, and then went back to her crullers, with a little tender smile and a tiny sigh, too. The smile was for the happy group in the sitting-room, Father smoking his long pipe and bringing wonderful, curious old melodies from the brown fiddle; Betty, in something white and soft, with happiness and expectancy in her every movement; so that it made mother think of her first Christmas with father; David, with breathless excitement, hammering up a big nail for his stocking; even Aunt Jane, with a glimmer of Christmas in her old eyes, a memory of Christmas long ago. And the sigh was because Betty would not need one of mother's stockings another Christmas.

"Betty," said David, pounding busily, "the right-hand stocking's yours, you know, and the left's mine."

"Yes, dear," said Betty, lifting up the brown curls to kiss the little freckled forehead; but she was thinking of a train speeding from the West, bearing her Christmas present to her.

"David," called mother from the kitchen, "I think it's your bed-time now, and the sooner you get to bed the sooner it will be Christmas, you know."

This argument was convincing, so David without his usual pleadings for a little while longer, kissed them all good night—Mother and Betty and Aunt Jane and Father—only Father wouldn't let him go at once, but took him on his knee, and they sang together.

"Oh, oh, oh, who wouldn't go,
Oh. oh, oh, who wouldn't go,
Up on the house-top click, click, click,
Down through the chimney with the good St. Nick."

And then Sister Betty led him off upstairs and tucked him in beneath the covers; and when she had heard him say his prayers and kissed him, left him there among the shadows to dream of Christmas.

Other nights he would have rolled over at once and dropped into dreamless, boyish slumber, but this evening his little brain was restless with the thought of Christmas and the mystery behind it all. He was not too old yet to believe in Santa Claus and the reindeer. Sometimes he had doubted it. Once he had been a miserable little skeptic for a whole day,—but then Santa Claus and the reindeer and the chimney were inextricably a part of Christmas. They were bound up for him in a dear delightful mystery along with the star and the shepherds and the angels out there on the bright plain of Bethlehem, singing their: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men!" He did not understand any of it, but that made it all the more deeply mysterious and delightful, and like some skeptics of a larger growth, he was so much in love with the unknown Something which made the doubtful stories incomparably attractive, that even though it all seemed darkly unreasonable, and Sammy Weston, who was two years older, patronizingly ridiculed his wavering belief in Santa Claus, and little Ikey Behn, the Jewish baker's boy, openly and scathingly denounced the star and the angels, yet he preferred faith to doubt, and willed resolutely not to question those dear old mystic legends that seemed to mingle holily with his dearest childish associations. Mother, and the long white stockings and the fragrance of raised crullers; father, and the old brown fiddle; and Betty, dear sister Betty; and the Something over and through it all that he, like Philip, could not name.

So he lay dreamily looking out of the window at the night, the white snow under the stars made it like the night of the angels and the shepherds, he thought. He tried to feel very certain that it was all real, and that there would surely be in his stocking just what he wanted; for had he not asked God for it? Oh there were many things that he wanted, but most a Robinson Cruesoe! He had not told Mother or Betty about it, for this was to be a sort of a test whether it was God and Santa Claus or just folks—a test, only half admitted even to himself. He had coveted it a long time, that Robinson Crusoe, one like Sammy Weston's. He had been allowed to peep at the pictures in Sammy's book, highly colored engravings of that wonderful Man Friday, and the cannibals, and Crusoe. The pictures floated irresistably before him. Father had laughed and said that he must not believe everything he saw in books; but then they seemed to him quite as credible as the reindeers and the angels, and so fascinating that if they weren't true they ought to be.

So he bridged the way from skepticism to unquestioning faith by the unanswerable argument of desire, and drifted away into dreamland, with Robinson Crusoe hanging a great big goatskin stocking in his cave, while Friday looked on and smiled pleasantly.

* * * * * * *

In the sitting-room Philip was resting in Father's arm chair, holding Betty's hand and looking down upon the brown head and the firelight glimmering on her soft hair and the happy love-light in her eyes. Father had sat playing his violin, and watching Betty's flushed, expectant face, dreaming may be of his own young love-days; but he had gone off to bed before Philip came. The young folks would like to be alone at first. Aunt Jane, too, had folded her knitting and retired, and Mother had only lingered to kiss the new son. They had been talking, Philip and Elizabeth, of the days that had gone and the days that were yet to come together; and now in a pause of dreamy content, Philip's eye fell upon the two stuffed stockings, which mother had filled earlier in the evening. Elizabeth, following his glance, blushed and prevaricated: "David expects a good deal for Christmas."

"By the way, I picked up something for the lad over in Easton," said Philip, and he brought from his satchel a most gorgeous copy of Robinson Crusoe. Elizabeth tied it up in a neat bundle and laid it absent-mindedly beneath her own stocking.

* * * * * * *

A little later Aunt Jane came tiptoeing down stairs to where the two stockings hung heavily by the chimney. "I don't approve of Betty's marrying that young infidel professor," she murmured to herself apologetically, "and this stocking business is all nonsense, but Betty is my god-daughter, and I must give her something." Here she laid a copy of "Grace Abounding for the Chief of Sinners," under David's stocking.

He was a very sad little figure indeed in his long night gown and bare feet, as he crouched there by the dying fire. He had come creeping down from his room, though it could not yet be three o'clock. "Grace Abounding for the Chief of Sinners" lay open before him on the floor. Providence had evidently made a serious mistake. And yet how could that be? Did Providence make mistakes? There was a sickening conviction in his heart that Providence had consulted Aunt Jane. It was her kind of books—the kind she always gave him on his birthdays. And, oh fatal proof! On the fly leaf was written, "With prayers for your soul's welfare from Aunt Jane." But there was a package under Betty's stocking. He opened it with hurried fingers. Alas, a Robinson Crusoe, bigger than Sammy Weston's and handsomer! Oh how happy Betty would be. Philip must have brought it to her since there wasn't any Santa Claus. He tied up the packages again and replaced them. Then he crept upstairs and buried himself under the comforters, where he cried himself to sleep, broken-hearted.

At breakfast he was unusually quiet and solemn, but they were all so merry with Betty and Philip in their happiness that they forgot to notice him. Mother thought that he was unusually silent about his Christmas stocking—the new skates and the oranges and nuts and candy, and it puzzled her that he was so still in church, where he sat swinging his little heels from the high seat. She did not know that the fascination and mystery of life were gone. There was no Santa Claus, no angels, no stars, no Crusoe. He knew that now with dull conviction. There was nothing but folks—folks who put things in stockings, and folks who preached and folks who sang. But when he ate no Christmas dinner then they knew that he must be sick, and so they put him to bed, and made him take some medicine. He could not tell them. There was a great gulf between them and him. He could not understand how they could be so happy, when there was nothing left to be happy for—no angels, no Santa Claus, no reindeer, no Crusoe. He sobbed himself into a feverish sleep.

Late in the afternoon Elizabeth and Philip were sitting alone in the front room. He had been telling her all his difficulties as in the college days, the problems of the higher ideals, the bitterness of the struggle against prejudice, and more than all, the thoughts that had come to him on the train to her, and the mental necessity he felt of discovering that primal law, that hidden essence that makes the past and present one, and renders holy even the symbols that have for us no longer any authority.

A little figure stood timidly in the door, then it rushed into Betty's arms and buried its face in her lap. "Oh, Betty," it wailed, "there ain't anything true." And then he sobbed it all out there—the doubts and disappointment, and Betty cried and laughed and laughed and cried, and Philip brought the bundle from where it lay under the stocking that Betty had been too happy to examine that morning. It was sweet and comforting after all the loneliness and misery to lie there in Betty's arms and have her explain all about the mistake, and to see the longed for Robinson Crusoe lying there in all its glory—his. But still the root trouble would not go. "Oh, Betty," he cried, classing together in childish intuition the lesser and the greater symbols, "there's no Santa Claus, no star, no angels, no anything!" Betty kissed him and hugged him closer. "Why yes, Davy dear; there is something, there's love—that's Santa Claus; and God's love—that's the angels and the star; no matter what names we call them by, dear, they're love.

He didn't understand it quite, but it sounded good and true. Love—he knew that—Betty's love and mother's love and father's. God's love must be like theirs. He rested content.

Philip put his arm around them both. "That's it, Betty," what I was seeking, the underlying unity—love."

Robert P. Doremus.

Correspondence.

Dear UNITY:

Some weeks ago, in my review of Professor Gilman's "Methods of Industrial Peace," I expressed my personal preference for the form "employe" over "employee," which Professor Gilman has consistently used in all his writings. Since my review was published, through correspondence with Professor Gilman, I have been persuaded that the form which he prefers is better, and should be used instead of the other.

In my first reading of "Methods of Industrial Peace," is did not seem to me that Professor Gilman had succeeded in making quite plain the distinction between the terms "arbitration," "mediation" and "conciliation," the attempt to distinguish which seemed to me one of the important features of his book. A more thorough reading, however, has convinced me that the terms are accurately distinguished, a matter of so great importance to clear thinking on the subject that I am glad for this additional opportunity to call the attention of UNITY readers to Professor Gilman's most thoughtful treatment of it.

RICHARD W. BOYNTON.

St. Paul, 12 January, 1905.

DEAR UNITY:

In reading the—for the most part—excellent article of our good Brother Powell under the caption "A Question in Ethics" in a recent UNITY, I

observe that he falls into the error so common to all philanthropic writers and speakers when dealing with "trust" questions. He seems to think that the great profits made by the manufacturing trusts are made out of the workmen in their employ. He says "If the capitalists is simply trustee and manager and not absolute owner, there is no need of charity. The greatest steel plant or oil plant in the world on such a principle, is operated for the good of every laborer engaged in the plant." Now it seems very clear to me that the great wealth of these trust magnates is not wrung from their employees but is wrenched from the public at large. It is well known that the Standard Oil Company pays higher wages to its employees than the average and we do not hear of any strikes among them. Their workmen are paid all that they deserve and if the goods produced were sold at reasonable instead of extortionate prices there would be no such enormous profits to any one. But by building up monopolies upon the wrecked fortunes of smaller dealers and manufacturers they control the market and sell at a hundred per cent or more of profit. And this is not all, they make millions by watering and manipulating stocks. The "lambs" who are shorn by them are not working men as a rule, but people with some means who are chasing Dame Fortune in speculations. I agree with Brother Powell that these millionaires have no just proprietory right to their vast accumulation, but they have not wrung them from their employees. They have wrung them from *all* of the people, rich and poor.

The great steel plants sell armor plate to the government at most unreasonably high prices, and steel rails to the railroads at prices twenty to forty per cent higher than they are willing to sell them at for export whenever they get a surplus stock on hand and very little of their profits are made directly from the people except what they make by manipulating stocks. They pay their help enough. Wages are enormously high in this country as compared with those of other countries and our laboring men are among the most independent and extortionate of any of our people. Organized labor menaces the public welfare almost as much as organized capital. Both constitute deplorable evils. Both are dangerous trusts. Neither cares a rap for the interests or the rights of any except themselves. Is not this plainly true? J. A. STODDARD.

6525 Havard avenue, Chicago.

Dear UNITY:

One of Washington's leading dailies has lately been attracting much attention to itself, and presumably enjoying an increased sale of copies, by a plan which strikingly illustrates how far a reputable journal, for the sake of such increased sale, may depart from ethical standards.

Cash prizes of various amounts, enclosed in envelops bearing the design of a black arrow, were hidden at different points of the city, and clues to the location of each given in the issue of the day it was so concealed. This was continued for a period covering some months; and it is easy to imagine the dispatch with which a multitude of eager fortune-seekers would secure copies of the paper as it came out, con its clues and begin the hunt. The journal being an evening sheet, the search often lasted far into or through the night.

There was a certain picturesqueness in this nocturnal scramble for the Black Arrow, suggestive of hallowe'en revelry or adventures in the realm of invenile fiction; but if we look beneath the outward show we are confronted by an element which takes it out of the category of innocent frolic and stamps it with something sinister and tragic. The spirit that controls tramps and criminals too obviously lurks in a carnival that draws thinly-clad old men out into the raw night wind and keeps from their beds weary, self-supporting boys who need long hours of unbroken slumber to prepare them for the morrow's efficient work. And, curiously, the motive power—the passion for getting something for nothing—is frankly acknowledged by the editor of the very organ promulgating the scheme, whose graphic description of one of these feverish games of chance contains the words:

"It seemed that the city had gone Arrow mad. The great temptation of getting a lot for not much is proving more and more irrestible to the people, and the search for the Black Arrow is resolving itself into a mad hunt."

This declaration, so naively unconscious of self-incrimination, coming from a paper whose editorials have habitually championed good citizenship, is hard to understand. The best that can be said of it is that it expresses childish inconsistency rather than mature intelligence, and that in such irresponsible hands large editorial power is a dangerous weapon, fittingly symbolized by a "black arrow."

EMILY HORNE RANDALL.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 14, 1905.

DEAR UNITY:

It is wonderfully refreshing to have an editor like the Editor of UNITY (who is not afraid of anything but to tell an untruth) writing for one every week; and his words about Chicago's recent so-called "Charity Ball" are just what is needed. Now hear what is said from still another standpoint, taken from *The Chicago Socialist,* which a friend, unknown to me, sends me every week, and whether we like it or not, it shows just what about 400,000 voters in the United States are thinking on such subjects:

> Of all the disgusting insults which the producing class must bear from the capitalist class there is none quite so nauseating as the charity ball. They rob us, then make our misery and poverty the subject of their debauched pleasure and mirth. Workingmen, how long will you perpetuate by your votes a system which produces and makes such things part of our social life?

We, who are not socialists, ought to know what those much misunderstood and possibly misunderstanding people are thinking about if we are to be prepared properly to remedy the evil, as it is popularly supposed to be; so here again is what the same editor says in another place:

> The newspapers all made a big note of a little incident that took place the other day which in reality is quite common. A highwayman, after robbing a victim of all his valuables, generously treated him with the money taken from him, and also gave him a nickel to pay his car fare home. That is just how the capitalist system works the working class. They get just enough of the products of their labor back to maintain and perpetuate their labor power.

Have we, as boasted more enlightened people, any responsibility in the matter?

Chicago, Jan. 12, 1905. W. J. H.

Across the plain of Time
I saw them marching all night long,—
The endless throng
Of all who ever dared to fight with wrong.
All the blood of their hearts, the prime
And crown of their fleeting years,
All the toil of their hands, the tears
Of their eyes, the thought of their brain,
For a word from the lips of Truth,
For a glimpse of the scroll of Fate,
Ere love and youth
Were spent in vain,
And even truth too late!
Oh, when the Silence speaks, and the scroll
Unrolls to the eye of the soul,
What will it be that shall pay the cost
Of the pain gone waste and the labor lost!
And then, Dear, waking, I saw you—
And knew.

—*Songs of Two—A. S. Hardy.*

THE PULPIT.

Practical Christianity.

A Sermon By Rev. Edward Scribner Ames, Hyde Park Church of the Disciples, Chicago.

The most impressive thing in the teaching of Jesus is its moral urgency. It is difficult to discover in his words any absolutely novel ideas or precepts. His originality lies in his clear vision of the moral perspective of life, and in the prophetic earnestness with which he proclaimed and exemplified it. This key-note is struck in his first sermon and it remains dominant through all his ministry. At the very outset he challenged the ethics of the existing religion and summoned his disciples to a far deeper and holier life. Referring to those scrupulous traditionalists who were unable to doubt that they completely possessed the kingdom of heaven, Jesus turned to his disciples and cried: "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." The conscience of the multitude was stirred by his simple, penetrating words. He spoke with the authority of truth and conviction, in strong contrast with the subtle second hand explanations of the Scribes. Unlike them, Jesus did not stop with mere legal statements of conduct. He plunged full into the heart of it. Nothing is more illuminating and invigorating than the categorical and summary way in which Jesus thrust the great motives and ideals of religion far up above the entanglements of expediency and compromise. It was this high vantage ground of plain common goodness, unselfish love of neighbor, straightforward devotion to the truth, which made the position of Jesus impregnable to the ecclesiastics of his day. Their attack was made from the side of tradition and formal worship. He answered from the standpoint of human welfare. He openly broke the laws of the Sabbath to help men. When word came on the Sabbath day that Peter's mother-in-law was sick, he did not wait for sun-down as the law required, but went and healed her straightway. The microscopic defenders of the faith would rescue their sheep or cattle from danger on the holy day, and Jesus with stinging irony observed, "How much better is a man than a sheep"!

His critics tried in many ways to drag him down to a discussion upon their plane. For instance, a lawyer asked what he should do to be saved,—"to inherit eternal life." Jesus said, Love God and your neighbor. The lawyer answered, "and who is my neighbor?" It is always a point with such religionists to magnify definitions. Jesus took a despised Samaritan to explain that the fulfillment of the law did not consist in doing favors to men of a certain nation or religion, but rather in having eyes of tender mercy for all suffering humanity and generously healing their wounds. The lawyer had made a theological term of the word neighbor. Jesus taught that it was just a plain human word.

This primacy of moral conduct in the gospel of Christ is further shown in the way it impressed his apostles. They insisted that it was a man's daily walk which finally decided his fitness to remain in the church. "Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called" was the great exhortation of Paul. "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works" was the standing proposition of James. Peter believed that the "good works" of the Christians would bring the Gentiles to glorify God. All this bears the impress of the spirit of Jesus. He scorned professions which were unsupported by good deeds. He was always willing to take the actions of a man as the test of his faith. "By their fruits ye shall know them." In his book on "The Teaching of Jesus," Professor George B. Stevens of Yale University devotes one chapter to "the religion of a good life," in which he says: "There is no room for doubt that the religion which Jesus taught and exemplified was moral to the core, that is, was wholly concerned with righteousness of life."

It is from such considerations that the religion of Jesus is designated as pre-eminently practical. Personal conduct and social service are the vital tests of loyalty to himself and to the truth. His religion is supremely ethical and moral without the coldness or exaggerated intellectualism which these words suggest. It is spiritual and heart-quickening without losing itself in emaciated and anemic forms of piety. It involves vigorous, objective ideals, and it reckons also upon the right disposition of the heart. Only where the deed flows straight from the will is it thoroughly good. This was the burden of the Sermon on the Mount. It was the doctrine of Kant in his great treatise upon practical morality, and it is the governing conception of modern scholarship in the field of conduct. The growing knowledge of the teaching and spirit of Jesus, the rise of ideals of social welfare, and the barrenness of denominational religiosity conspire to emphasize the modern demand for vital and sane religion.

Historical Christianity has often lost its original practical character through two influences, namely, through the undue development of institutionalism and of theological doctrine. Institutionalism has its most notable illustration in Catholicism and dogmatic theology has been the chief characteristic of Protestantism. The development of the church has tended to subject men to its external authority both in matters of thought and of worship. It has prescribed the conclusions of doctrinal discussions and taught the spiritual dependence of men upon its sacraments, ordinances and priestly functions. How different was the religion of Jesus. He organized no institution whatever. He only inaugurated a religious fellowship in which men took their place by free choice and in which they continued by faithful service.

Protestantism had its origin in the reaction from the abuses into which Catholicism fell, but it was nevertheless soon tainted by the very thing against which it protested. The Protestant bodies have nearly all shared in the defects of institutionalism. They have had their origin in the mind and will of a few men devoutly set to reform certain evils or to emphasize some neglected truth. These men made their appeal—every denomination has done so—to the Bible. At first they held their views tentatively and subject to revision, but contact with opponents and the efforts to gain adherents crystallized their doctrines and settled the movement down to the advocacy of certain principles by means of characteristic arguments and selected text proofs. Then came party newspapers, denominational colleges and even missionary societies wearing the distinguishing names. The old principle of institutionalism, of Catholicism, thus gradually overtakes the reformers. It proclaims certain essential dogmas, it prescribes certain rites, it maintains that there is a peculiar connection between it and the kingdom of heaven. It encourages great zeal in spreading its doctrines and building up its material equipment.

All Protestantism is more or less in the toils of this spirit and of the very machinery it has builded. It duplicates and manifolds churches and church or-

ganizations not so much with reference to the actual moral and religious needs of a community, as from the impulse to carry out the systems of the denomination. The spirit of emulation and of rivalry for members, for wealth and for social preferment is often more powerful than the unalloyed desire to make better men and women, to train the children in religion, and to cultivate the fine elements of a genuinely Christian society. This system multiplies congregations in small towns and lays upon the people intolerable burdens by the waste of money, by sectarian ambition, and by the neglect of the real moral problems. The appeal of ministers to those who are not Christians, implies the recommendation of denominational advantages, and it is a matter of common observation that many people who are attracted to the religious life itself are hindered from professing and following it by confusion over the claims of rival churches.

Not only does this zeal for institutions lead to competition between denominations, but it also tends to increase organizations in the local congregation. Each church feels the pressure of national societies to develop local branches after a prescribed model whether or not the circumstances demand them. Not infrequently the people of time and talent for such work are either overtaxed to work in the various guilds and clubs, or else devote their energy to a particular one, and thus perhaps contend with other organizations in seeking workers and money and social prominence. The same tendency may be seen in the number and character of the public services of churches. They are conducted on the plan fostered by churches or endeavor societies in general. Their order of service is an imitation of the common practice rather than a free adaptation to the character of the members and to the local conditions. It is an unwritten law that every church shall have two preaching services, a Sunday school, two or three Endeavor meetings on Sundays and a prayer meeting in the middle of the week. These are only justified if they are for the good of the people, but the duty of attending and supporting them is often urged as though the chief end of man was to keep up such services on their own account. Protestantism descends by this means to the level of meritorious works, for many church members undoubtedly believe that the mere fact of attending religious services is a kind of patronage for which they will be rewarded.

Another way in which the interests of religion are superseded by those of its institutions is seen in the failure to discipline men who lead irreligious lives but who support the cause by their money or other influence. Their irregularities are often concealed so that the organization will not be injured, as though such hidden corruption could fail to have most deadly effects! In the first century there was an evident effort to make the church a pure and noble company. Offending members were warned, and reprimanded and often withdrawn from entirely. The moral integrity and religious temper of the churches was a constant theme in the letters and sermons of the apostles.

The remedy for present evils and discouragements is not in the abandonment of social organizations. Those who realize most keenly the weakness of the church should remain closest to it, in order to subordinate it to practical ends, and to elevate its ideals. The social organism is the indispensable body in which the social ideals must live. Knowledge cannot grow without schools and scientific societies. Art creates social forces to sustain and make it efficient. Political principles become operative through political parties. In the same way religion must have its instruments, its habitations and its enlisted helpers. It must have the church. But the body is worthless without the spirit; and the church which loses the vital breath of practical religion is a white sepulchre. It may appear beautiful outwardly but within it is full of dead men's bones.

The other danger to practical Christianity lies in the over emphasis upon theological doctrine. Doctrines, like institutions, originate as aids to conduct, and so long as they remain in that relation of ministering servants, they are advantageous and necessary. The attitude of Jesus is interesting here. "The whole of his teaching," writes a careful student, "is marked by the entire absence of every kind of speculation and an emphasis on the all-importance of action." It was through St. Paul, he remarks, that "speculative thought and knowledge became a power in Christianity." In St. John's account of the teaching of Jesus, the relation between knowledge and action is suggested in these words: "If any one has the will to do God's will, he will find out whether my teaching is from God," that is, whether it is true. Here knowledge is treated as an outgrowth of will, of desire. It is by hunger and thirst after right ways of living that one gains knowledge of how to live. It is through the desire and will to build railroads and tunnels and bridges that the knowledge of engineering has arisen. It is in his effort to serve God that man comes to know God. Too frequently theologians and ministers insist that to become a member of the church in order to serve God, one must first know a great deal about Him. Take the questions asked of a candidate for membership. Are they directed to the discovery of the impulses, the desires, the longings of the person with reference to the Christian life, or is the effort to find out what opinions he holds, what doctrinal beliefs he is ready to avow and particularly whether he accepts the usual formulae of the orthodox religion. Suppose the candidate is simply asked the question, "Do you believe that Jesus is the Son of God?" Does it mean, Do you desire with all your might to follow Him and learn of Him? Or does it mean, Do you believe certain things and theories about Jesus? It is beginning to be clear that the real values and practical results belong to the former interpretation. The person who is willing to serve will learn from his experience, but the person who has knowledge is not always ready to act upon it.

There has long been a mistaken view of the place and importance of intellectual attainments. It is coming to be understood that knowledge comes by doing and for the sake of doing. Knowledge is secondary. It arises in the path of action, in the effort to attain some end, and when any knowledge is thus gained it is valuable only as a means to further activity, to the realization of some larger purpose. Jesus' chief condition of discipleship was the disposition to act upon his teaching. Repentance and faith express this; the former word signifying abandonment of old and hurtful acts, and the latter indicating a desire to go forward in new endeavor. Jesus always insisted that his followers should carry into action what he told them. Wherever he found people willing to work with him he took them immediately into his company; but when he found men who professed to have knowledge of religious matters, even if it was correct, he gave them some test of their willingness to act upon

it. The two houses, one upon the rock and one upon the sand, are his graphic illustrations of the doing-hearers and the mere hearing-hearers.

And not only has intellectualism put dogmas into a false place, it has also magnified minor and unimportant matters. Many theological discussions of the schoolmen have become ridiculous, because it is now apparent that debates over such questions as how many angels can dance on the point of a needle at the same time, were utterly profitless except to show how profitless they were. But modern churchmen have their quibbles, too. Are they not still discussing as articles of Christian faith, what happened before the foundation of the world? Are they not trying to explain how Christ could have two distinct natures at once? Are they not divided over the question as to who may partake of the Lord's Supper, and as to whether people are saved because they are baptized, or are baptized because they are saved?

The effect of institutionalism and of extreme dogmatism has been to drive many people away from religion entirely, and to cultivate subjective, emotional piety on the part of those who remained under its influence. Those who could not bring themselves to submit unquestioningly to the church and to its dogmas betook themselves to the "world," lived by "the natural light," occupied themselves with letters and science and practical affairs and took their chances for the hereafter. Many who remained in the church surrendered their reason, and gave themselves up to contemplative worship and to emotional piety as expressions of their "faith." It is difficult to determine whether the catholic or protestant type of religion results most easily in sentimentalism. In the former it is favored by the submission of the individual to the church, and by the exaggerated importance attached to worship and prayers and introspective meditation. In protestant churches it is increased by insistence upon the doctrine that salvation is a work of "grace," in which the convert is helplessly passive. The faith necessary is a "gift," in which intellectual effort profits little. The result is a distinction between faith and knowledge, which seems to confine religion to a unique and mysterious realm to be entered only by an unintelligible "experience." This experience has been demanded and recounted as the only genuine evidence of conversion and of religion until it is difficult to convince either the churches or the world that rational or practical matters are really compatible with Christianity. If the church, under whatever name, insists upon faith as something foreign to knowledge; and fortifies that faith by an elaborate theology; and devotes itself to propagating such a faith by sensational emotionalism and by sentimental services of worship, then it cannot be surprising if many good and reverent people conclude that religion wastes energy, stultifies the intellect and exalts dreams and myths above reality.

The characteristic of this age is its search for reality, and it has been strengthened by the progress from alchemy to chemistry, from astrology to astronomy, from incantation to medicine, from mythology to history, from superstition to science. Christianity cannot escape the test. It must yield its antecedents, its leaders, its documents, its doctrines and its fruits to impartial investigation. It must stand or fall by the result. So far as the inquiry has proceeded it has been favorable to the religion of Jesus, though not to all the forms through which it has descended. The discovery of his words and his spirit has brought to light the man himself in place of the half-mythical and legendary character with which the middle ages involved him. The world is learning from him once more the weightier matters of the spiritual life and the practical meaning of goodness. It is becoming clear that the religion of Jesus could not content itself with formal acts of worship nor with refinements of theological controversy, but that it wholly concerned itself with human life—life red with passion, tremulous with hope and fear, and full of unutterable longing for truth about the great mysteries.

Jesus led men to higher things by the contagion of his own ideals. He awakened interest and faith in life through his sense of the beauty and goodness of the world and the fatherliness of God. His religion was practical in a broader way than the term suggests to those who always connect it with raising money, organizing societies and ministering to physical needs. His work was practical in that he effectively reached the inner springs of conduct. He knew how to find the warm centers of conscience, the sins and secrets of the heart, and how to uncover them before infinite justice and love. He influenced men from within. His external care of them was only a means, and the spirit of his religion never can be satisfied merely by impersonal charity or by the enactment of laws. The church never can be true to its Head so long as the charge is sustained that lodges, clubs and settlements minister to human needs more than churches do; but neither can Christianity fulfill its complete mission unless such work is the natural issue of personal relations inspired by vital faith in life and genuine love of men.

The religion of Jesus involves experiment and adaptation. He did not teach a closed system of truth. He had more to say than he said. His disciples were to be led onward after his death. They were to accomplish greater things. The centuries have fulfilled his prophecy, though the blindness and bigotry of men have often necessitated strife and revolution in its accomplishment. Progress in religion as in all other living things is facilitated when it is recognized as legitimate and necessary. Education and experiment then become the allies of the church, and instruments for its work. One only needs to reflect upon the history of modern missions in order to realize how resistant the church has been to new ideas and methods; and here also is abundant illustration of the fruitfulness of expert knowledge in the service of Christian enterprise. It has been suggested that the church should be a promoter of social welfare by undertaking new methods of work and new interpretations of life. That is its true mission and instead of performing it with fear and hesitation, it should consciously and aggressively fulfill it.

In this way alone can Christianity be loyal to its founder. The Christo-centric interpretation of doctrine has solved or made meaningless many old dogmas of the church. But there is still need for the practical exaltation of Christ as the ideal of conduct, as the dauntless lover of men, and as the exemplar of social service. In such a view religion makes its appeal fundamentally to the affections and the will. It reduces the theoretical barriers with which the church has excluded many devout and conscientious souls, and makes entrance to its fellowship dependent upon the same qualities which admitted men into personal companionship with Jesus. It subordinates the institution and the forms of Christianity to spiritual interests, and magnifies personal character and social progress as the sign of the coming of the Kingdom of God.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Moderate intelligence, with devotion behind it, and with constant exercise in the right direction, has produced some of the most valuable among men and women.

MON.—Sometimes I think that our happiness depends cheifly on our cheerful acceptance of routine, on our refusal to assume, as many do, that daily work and daily duty are a kind of slavery.

TUES.—If we can learn to think of routine as the best economy, we shall not despise it.

WED.—There is always somebody or something to work for; and while there is, life must be, and shall become, worth living.

THURS.—Education is not in a high sense practical unless it has an ideal in it and round about it.

FRI.—He who takes labor as self-respecting service which yields daily bread to him and his and which makes his life worth something, is happy in his work and wants to do all the work he can; he who takes it as a necessary evil is never happy in or out of it and is of small use in the world.

SAT.—The best poet is no less a poet for knowing how to write prose; and the best training of the mind is no clog to the soul.

Routine and Ideals by L. B. R. Briggs.

Cybele and Her Children.

The Mother has eternal youth;
Yet in the fading of the year,
For sake of what must fade in ruth
She wears a crown of oak-leaves sear.

By whistling woods, by naked rocks,
That long have lost the summer heat,
She calls the wild, unfolded flocks,
And points them to their shelter meet.

In her deep bosom sink they all;
The hunter and the prey are there;
No ravin-cry, no hunger-call:
These do not fear, and those forbear.

The winding serpent watches not;
Unwatched, the field-mouse trembles not;
Weak hyla, quiet in his grot,
So rests, nor changes line or spot.

For food the Mother gives them sleep,
Against the cold she gives them sleep,
To cheat their foes she gives them sleep,
For safety gives them death-like sleep.

The Mother has eternal youth,
And therefrom, in the wakening year
Their life revives; and they, in sooth,
Forget their mystic bondage drear.

Edith M. Thomas.

The Story of Little Mary.

"What story will you have," said Tommy Tring, "'Blue Beard,' or 'Red Riding Hood?'"

"I believe," answered Patty, "I'd better not hear about cutting off wives' heads, and about wolves eating children—at least, not tonight; so tell me 'Little Mary.' I have not heard that story for three or four weeks."

"Once upon a time," began Tommy, "there was an old woman that lived in the country, and she had three daughters, the youngest was the best, and her name was Little Mary.

"The family got so poor that they thought they couldn't live together no longer; and then one of the oldest gals said, 'Mother, bake us a big cake and a little cake, and we'll go and seek our fortune; but don't let Mary come.' So the mother went and baked them a big cake and a little cake, and they set off to seek their fortune. To keep her from following them, the mother locked up Mary in the back garret, but Mary took out her little scissors and cut off the bed-cord. Then she fixed the bed-cord to the window and made a swing of it, and swung down to the ground."

Patty—"I've often wondered how she could do that."

Tommy—"No matter—it's only a story. Then Mary ran after her sisters, and when they looked back and saw her coming, they went and seized hold of her, and chucked her down hard upon the ground."

Patty—"You forget that they said, 'O, here comes Mary!'"

Tommy—"Well, then, they said, 'O, here comes Mary!' And so they held her down on the ground, and piled upon the top of her a great heap of stones."

Patty—"And yet she was not crushed."

Tommy—"No—she wasn't crushed for itt's only a story. Then her sisters went off and left her. By and by there came along a beggar-man. 'O, good beggar-man' said Mary, 'if you'll only take these stones off me, the very next time you come past our house, I'll give you as much good meal as your bag will hold.' Then the beggar-man took off all the stones, and as soon as Mary was free, she jumped up and ran after her sisters. Then they looked back, and the eldest gal said, 'O, here comes Mary!'

"'Well,' said the next eldest, 'I don't care much about it. Let her come along and be satisfied.' So they stopped till she came up, and then they went and took her along with them."

Patty—"How glad I am; ain't you glad, Tommy?"

Tommy—"So they walked on and walked on, till night came upon them, and at last they saw a light, and when they went towards it, they saw a great big house. So they knocked at the door, tap rap, tap rap, and an old woman opened it. And then she asked them in, and gave them their supper, and then she went and took them up stairs, and put them to bed."

Patty—"Tommy, Tommy! Are you going to forget Gilmaculla?"

Tommy—"Right. They were waited on at supper by a little bound gal named Gilmaculla. Well, the giant's wife took them up stairs and put them to bed. Now there was a hole in the floor. So after awhile, Mary got up, and went and lay down on the floor, and put her eye close to the hole to peep, and see what she could see. And then there was a loud knock at the door, and presently a great big giant came in. So the giant began to snuff his nose, and he said in a terrible voice, 'Fee, faw, fum, I smell fresh meat, and I will have some.'"

Patty—"Giants always smell fresh meat."

Tommy—"Then the giant's wife, she up and told him that she had invited in three gals, but she advised him to keep them until they were fat. So the giant agreed to this, for he hated lean meat. Then he told his wife to make him some mush for supper. So she hung on a great pot of water as big as a barrel, and went and got a whole tubful of Indian meal. When Mary saw this, she looked about for a keg of salt that she had seen in a corner of the chamber. There was a ladder that led up to a trap-door in the roof; so Mary filled her apron with salt, and went right up this ladder and got out on the roof. And then she looked down the chimbley, and saw the giant's wife stirring the mush, and putting in great handfuls of salt. And whenever the woman's back was turned, Mary would throw another handful of salt down the chimbley into the mush-pot. All this made the mush so salty, that, after the giant had done eating it, he felt drier than ever he had been all his life before. So to quinch his thirst, he drunk up all the liquor in the house. Still his thirst was nothing like squinch'd, and his wife proposed to send little Gilmaculla to the spring to bring some more water, with the big silver tankard.

When Gilmaculla went and looked out at the door, she said, 'It rains and it snows, it hails and it blows, and the night is as dark as the grave.'

"'Then,' said the giant, 'you may take my lantern of lightness; and be sure you don't open no more than one of its twelve doors.' Now the lantern of lightness had a great big rumeberella fixed to the top.

"As soon as Gilmaculla had took the lantern of lightness, and the silver tankard, and gone off to the spring, little Mary came climbing down from the house-top, and ran after her. Then Mary seized upon the silver tankard, and the lantern of lightness with the rumberella on the top, and threw Gilmaculla headforemost into the spring."

Patty—"That always seemed to me a very bad thing of Mary."

Tommy—"Pho! it's only a story. Well, Mary Mary know'd that the silver tankard would be a great treasure to her and her sisters; but she had great curiosity, as all female people have; and so she went and opened all the twelve doors of the lantern of lightness, which thereupon right away gave out a great light all over the world, and the light came shining in at the giant's winders, and so he ran out to see about it. He soon catched Mary, and found what she had done. So he shot up the lantern and he seized hold of Mary by the hair of her head, and dragged her along home to his house. Then he went and tied up Mary in a great coarse bag, and told her as soon as it was morning he would go into the woods and pull a great bunch of rods with sharp thorns on them, and whip her till she died."

Patty—"Poor little Mary! How she must have dreaded morning."

Tommy—"Then the giant went to bed, but he got up at daylight, and went off to the woods to get the rods. As soon as he was clear out of the house, Mary cut a hole in the bag with her scissors, and put up her hand through the hole and untied the string that fastened the top of the bag."

Patty—"It was well that Mary always had her scissors with her."

Tommy—"And then she went and woke up her sisters, and they all came and seized hold of the giant's wife and tied her hands behind her back, and her two feet together; and then they put her into the bag, and fastened it up tight. After this business was settled, they went and rummaged about, and got together all the money, and all the jewels, and a great many other fine things that they found in the house, and filled their pockets with them. Then they went off home; and from that day they hadn't no need to go out no more to seek their fortunes. And then they all got married, and then they all lived happy. That's the end of the story."

Patty—"No, indeed, it is not."

Tommy—"Yes it is. There's nothing else but the two morals. The first is, that people never know what is before them. Second moral—As it turned out, Mary's sisters wouldn't have been so unwilling to let her go along with them, if they'd only know'd all the good she was going to bring them. And there's another great lesson to be learnt from this here story, and that is, the fruits of curiosity, for if Mary hadn't gone and opened all the twelve doors of the lantern of lightness, the giant wouldn't have catched her."

Patty—"No matter, I never care for morals. But you certainly have not told the whole story. You should have said, that when the giant came home he thought Mary was still in the bag. So he fell on with the rods as hard as he could strike, and had given his wife a good whipping before she could make him understand who she was."

Tommy—"True, *that is* the end of the story."

Patty—"If I was not quite sure that nobody in the world ought on any accont to be whipped, even if they are ever so bad, I should say that the giant's wife was rightly served for coaxing the girls into the house that her husband might have them to eat.

"Now, Tommy, tell me Jack and his Bean."

From the story of Russell and Sidney in Atlantic Tales, by Miss Leslie—Published in 1832.

The Little Legs That Ran Away.

Once there was a little girl and she used to take off her little legs when she went to bed at night and put them with her clothes and the rest of her things in a chair. One night the litle legs got uneasy and ran away. They found the bedroom door open, so they ran down the steps into the garden and across the gravel walk out into the fields, and away so far no one could see them. When the little girl woke up in the morning she found that her legs were gone, so she couldn't walk. And so she began to cry until her mother came in, and then they looked all around for the little legs. When they went out into the garden they saw the prints on the gravel which the little legs had made on going out, for it had just been raining and you could see the marks quite plainly. So her father saddled the horses and they got on their backs and cantered around all over the fields and down the road and looked for the little legs. By and by they saw something running by the side of the road away down toward the bay. Then they whipped up the horses, and they ran very fast, and the father got off from his horse and caught the little legs just as they were getting tangled in a barbed wire fence. Then he picked up the little legs and wrapped them in a soft blanket and put them under his coat and carried them home. Then they fastened them on again, so that the little girl could make them carry her around anywhere she wanted to go; and ever since then she has kept them stuck on tight, so they can't get away, and she never, never takes them off at night.—From *Knight and Barbara, by David Starr Jordan.*

*The Value of a Sunday School.

A Sunday school is a place of worship, where children may go (providing the parents are willing) and learn of God, the different kinds of religion of the world, and also the religions of different countries and their likenesses.

To find how these religions grew it is necessary to go back to the primitive man. Myths also have to be told in order to fully understand how religions grew.

Some people think a Sunday school is a place, where you can go to wear your best clothes and be a good pastime. The Sunday school is a school to learn how after a while all people will be of one religion. It is also a place where you learn how to worship God in the way we think best.

If you want to be cheerful, jes set yer mind on it and do it. Can't none of us help what traits we start out in life with, but we kin help what we end up with.—*Alice Hegan Rich: Lovey Mary.*

*The above essay was written by a ten-year-old lad, in competition with his brother and sister for a little home prize; the Sunday School superintendent acting as judge. Though the youngest of the group he was awarded the prize. The intelligent reader will discover between the lines the spirit and the teaching of the Sunday School the boy attends.

UNITY
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago
Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

$2.00 PER ANNUM.

EDITORS.
JENKIN LLOYD JONES. WILLIAM KENT.

ASSISTANT EDITOR.
EDITH LACKERSTEEN.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Jane Addams.	Fred'ck E. Dewhurst.	Henry M. Simmons.
Wilson M. Backus.	John Faville.	Frederick Starr.
Richard W. Boynton.	George W. Gilmore.	Joseph Stolz.
Frederick W. Burlingham.	Fred. V. Hawley.	Hiram W. Thomas.
John W. Chadwick.	Emil Hirsch.	Oscar L. Triggs.
Francis A. Christie.	Charles W. Pearson.	R. A. White.
Joseph H. Crooker.	Granville Ross Pike.	E. P. Powell.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE:—To-day while our hearts are sick with the thought of what may be transpiring in St. Petersburg; of the pleading, suffering people, the brave priest, their leader, and the czar from whom so little can be hoped, it is a relief to turn to that other ruler, so quiet and unobtrusive, so wise and so beloved, the mikado of Japan. From an extended sketch prepared by a Japanese resident in London, for the London *Daily Chronicle* we clip some details as to his private life and character:

"The Emperor is an early riser. At five o'clock punctually you may see him astride one of his favorite mounts taking the fresh air and drawing inspiration from the grandeur of the scenery. After a simple breakfast he prepares himself for work at the Cakumonjo—the place of study and inquiry. Here he sees the innumerable reports from the cabinet ministers and the committees of the houses of Parliament, goes over the foreign cablegrams, on the 'wires' on the crops, and amends initials and criticizes papers of all kinds, from the regular reports of the Finance Office to the award of merit to a poor woman for faithful attendance on a sick husband. He is so thorough, is our Emperor.

"State functions are attended generally between ten in the morning and one or two in the afternoon, or in lieu thereof he will visit the schools, distribute prizes, listen to addresses by students at the head of the list on scientific or other matters.

"In all this the Empress proves herself a true helpmeet, and sometimes takes the greater share of the work. As the Emperor says: I am the committee of politics; my wife is the committee of education.

"Out in the starry night, when the world lies folded in sleep, a tall figure of a man may be seen pacing steadily up and down on the battlements clad in the coarse regulation serge of the army, his hands in his pockets, and an unlighted cigar perhaps in his mouth. The sentinels step aside into the dark recesses of the wall, or hide under the shadow of the trees so that their earthly forms may not obtrude on the vision of the solitary man. Then he dreams, then he soars among the spirits of the departed, listening to their wise monitions; then he moves among the heavenly hierarchy so much beyond the counsels of this puny earth. Sometimes his wife walks by his side—that simple, homely wife, clad not in any Paris confection, adorned with gems, but in the simple court dress, consisting of a white blouse and scarlet skirt.

"She walks by his side silently, perhaps not quite understanding the working of his thoughts but trusting him implicitly, for she of all the persons in Japan, knows him best.

"But our Emperor's devotion is shown in many ways. He it is who will experiment with field equipment, wearing the heavy 'kit' and the service shoes, himself, and marching in them till his feet are sore and his shoulders swollen. He it is who takes the new pattern rifle in hand and sets out on a twenty-four mile march to see that it be not too heavy for the endurance of 'our soldiers!'

"On one of the sports days at the Nobles' School in Tokyo the Emperor was present as the parent of the Crown Prince, then a student in the institution. Wrestling matches were arranged among other things. In these the Crown Prince proved highly successful. Presently the burly figure of a farmer's son, well known as a cunning wrestler, appeared in the ring. There was a momentary silence, then a buzz among the onlookers, many knowing nods were exchanged, and fresh encouragement was given to the youthful Prince. The struggle once begun was brief; victory declared for the farmer's son. Loud was the expression of sorrow, but the Emperor stepped up to the nearest umpire and spoke to him, 'I want to have a word with that young man.' The timid lad stood before the Emperor fearing he had dared too much but was reassured by his words: 'My son, will you become one of the companions of Akihito, and live and study with the boy while he remains in the school, for he needs many a man like you?'

"Mere birth does not obtain favour in his eyes, but noble must be noble, in its true sense and best sense. The Japanese term nobles, 'a race of flowers,' and a noble must justify his distinction. He must lead the masses of the people in their duty to the State; he must set an example of sacrifice, of industry, of honesty, of honour—in fact, of all nobility, even as his Imperial Lord is an example to him. Should he fall short of this standard he will be ruthlessly deprived of his rank and privilege. The pages of the official 'Gazette' are full of such deprivations, and on the other hand, patents of nobility to the men of merit. Some even go so far as to say that the best interest of the country is in the Upper House.

"In conclusion let me tell you what we think of the savior and maker of modern Japan. He was given to us when we were upon the brink of unspeakable horrors. On the one hand was the feudal baronage with a despotic government like that of Russia, crushing the life out of the people. On the other hand was the dark specter of a bloody revolution, to end, perhaps, in the extinction of the nation, so that like Poland, we should exist only as a name. He saved us, and therefore we trust him.

"Do you wonder that with such a leader and with the lieutenants he has trained holding the reins of government we now reap our reward on land and sea?" M. E. H.

The "Pennsylvania Lines."

Takes pleasure in announcing the inauguration of through sleeping car service between Chicago and Washington on the "MANHATTEN-LIMITED" leaving Chicago daily at 1:00 P. M.—arriving Washington the next day at 1:20 noon.

Returning the sleeper will leave Washington 5:40 P. M. —arriving Chicago next afternoon at 4 o'clock.

This offers the quickest and best service between Chicago and Washington.

SOME OF OUR OTHER TRAINS:

The "MANHATTEN LIMITED" leaves Chicago daily at 1:00 P. M. with compartment observation and standard sleeping cars through to New York without change—arriving there at 3:00 P. M. next day, and which has maid aboard to look after ladies and children. Dining car attached.

The "PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED" leaving Chicago daily at 6:00 P. M.—time to New York 23 hours—with compartment observation and standard sleeping cars through. Features of the "LIMITED" are: Ladies' maid to look after ladies and children,—Barber, Bath, Stock quotations, Stenographer, to whom you my dictate correspondence without charge,—in fact all the comforts of club and home. Dining car on train.

The "ATLANTIC EXPRESS" leaving daily at 3:00 P. M. having sleeping cars Chicago to Washington, and Chicago to New York,—dining car also.

The "PITTSBURG SPECIAL" leaving Chicago daily at 7:30 P. M.—arriving Pittsburg 7:45 next morning. Cafe cars serving meals A la Carte. Sleeping car Chicago to New Castle, Pa., and Youngstown, O.

At 9:00 P. M. sleeper for Columbus, also local sleeper to Muncie, Ind.—Indianapolis and Louisville.

Information regarding rates, reservation of sleeping car space, etc., will be promptly attended to by the undersigned, and he will also be very glad indeed to arrange for delivery of tickets to your office or home, if you wish.

C. L. KIMBALL,
Ass't G. P. A.

Clearance Book Sale

During January and February we will offer some standard books at prices below cost. Send for Annual Clearance List.

The Pilgrim Press
175 Wabash Ave., Chicago

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

Only 20½ Hours from Chicago
VIA THE

WABASH

You can leave Chicago daily at 11:30 A. M., on the

BANNER BLUE LIMITED

the finest train on earth, and connect in Union Station, St. Louis, with the Hot Springs Special on the Iron Mountain, reaching Hot Springs next morning at 8 o'clock.

Write for free Booklet telling all about this popular health and pleasure resort.

Ticket Office, 97 Adams St.
CHICAGO

C. S. CRANE, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis. F. A. PALMER, A. G. P. A. Chicago.

Winter in California

Save Money—Get Well

Three months of California mid-winter sunshine is like adding three years to one's life.

Out there it's real living, not mere existence. Your blood circulates better, your appetite becomes keener, you sleep better and breathe deeper.

You can go from Chicago to San Francisco, first class, for $62.50; sleeper $14. Second class, $52.50, and if you care for comfort without style, a double berth in a "tourist sleeper" costs you only $7. Second class tickets are good in tourist sleeping cars. By using the tourist sleeper you save enough money to prolong your stay in California a couple of weeks. There's nothing "second class" about the tourist sleepers, except the upholstering and finish. They're clean, comfortable, sanitary. Remember the route—the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

in connection with the Union Pacific Railroad. The Overland Limited leaves Union Passenger Station, Chicago, 6:05 p. m. and arrives in San Francisco 6:20 p. m. the third day.

The California Express, with tourist sleeping cars to San Francisco, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, leaves at 10:25 p. m., and takes a few hours longer to make the run. If you would be interested in additional information about rates, routes and train service, kindly fill out this coupon and mail to-day to above address.

Tickets and Information **J. A. MILLER, Gen. Pass. Agt. Chicago**

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Probable Destination.....

ATHLETES

TO KEEP IN GOOD TRIM MUST LOOK WELL TO THE CONDITION OF THE SKIN. TO THIS END THE BATH SHOULD BE TAKEN WITH

HAND SAPOLIO

All Grocers and Druggists

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

ONLY ⅓ OF A DAY
BETWEEN
CHICAGO
AND
CINCINNATI
VIA THE
MONON ROUTE
and C. H. & D. Ry.

Choice of 4 Superb Trains Daily.

DAY TRAINS Equipped with Parlor and Dining Cars.

NIGHT TRAIN, with Palace Sleeping and Compartment Cars.

CHAS. H. ROCKWELL, Traffic Manager. FRANK J. REED, Gen. Pass. Agt.

200 Custom House Place, CHICAGO.

Double daily train service to New Orleans. Send for a free descriptive booklet.

Connects with Southern Pacific Steamship leaving at 2.00 p. m. every Saturday for Havana. Send for free illustrated folder on Cuba.

Through tickets, rates, etc., of I. C. R. R. agents and those of connecting lines.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., CHICAGO.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, **New York**
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.